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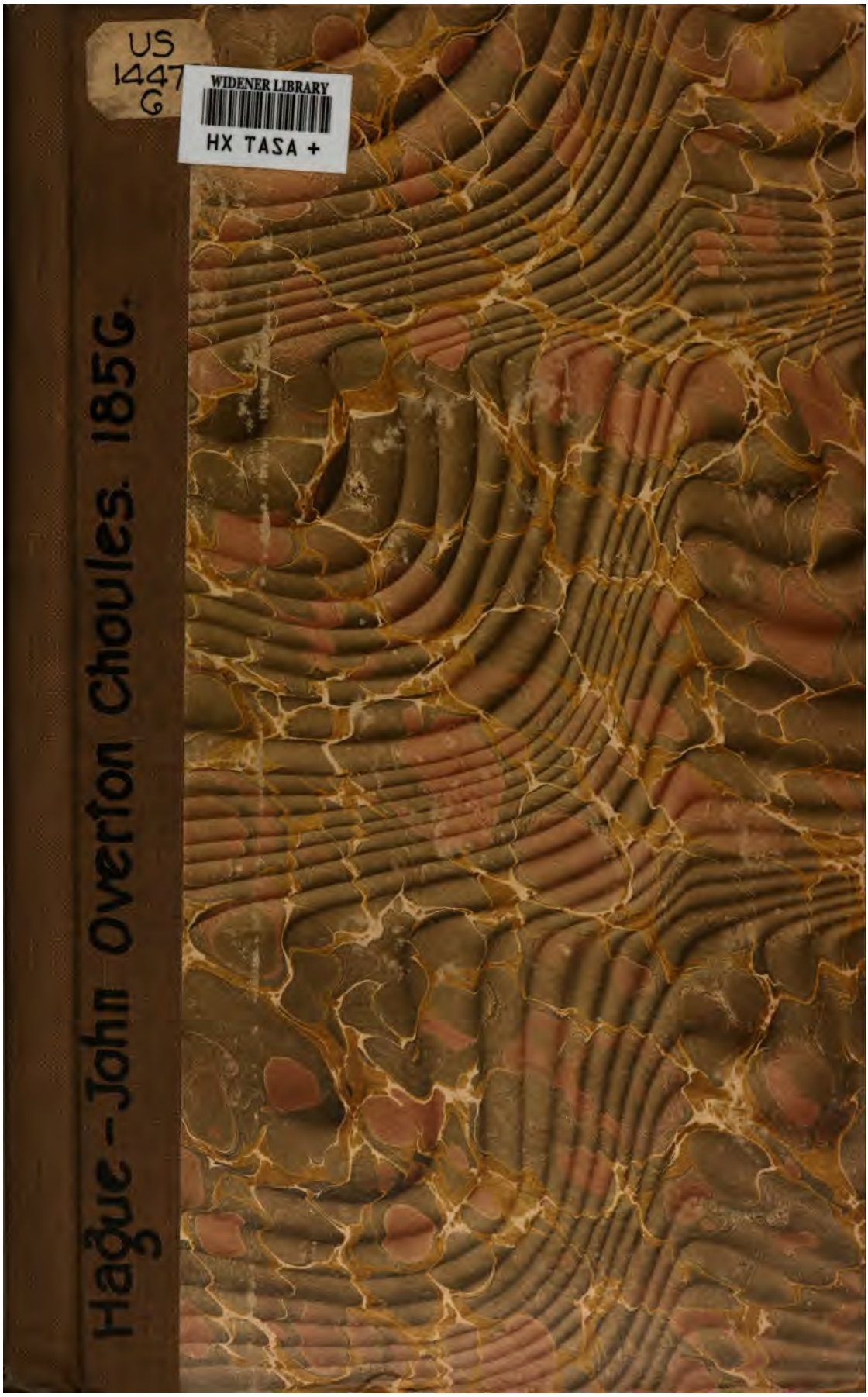
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# TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

## A DISCOURSE

ON THE

## Death of Rev. John O. Choules, D. D.

BY

WILLIAM HAGUE, D. D.

# TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

## A Discourse

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF THE

## REV. JOHN OVERTON CHOULES, D.D.,

Delivered in the Second Baptist Church, Newport, R. I.,

ON SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1856.

BY

WILLIAM HAGUE, D.D.

NEW YORK:
SHELDON, BLAKEMAN & COMPANY,
115 NASSAU STREET.
1856.

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NEWPORT, R. I., Feb'y 25th, 1856.

REV. WILLIAM HAGUE, D.D.

*Dear Sir*:—At a special meeting of the Second Baptist Church, holden last evening, it was unanimously resolved that the earnest and sincere thanks of the Church be tendered to you for the able and appropriate discourse delivered by you yesterday afternoon, upon the life and character of our late beloved and deeply lamented Pastor, the Rev. John Overton Choules, D.D.; and that you be requested to furnish a copy for publication.

Yours, with sincere friendship,

GEO. C. SHAW, JOHN C. BARKER,
B. H. RHOADES, J. T. TILLEY,
B. MARSH, ELISHA BARKER,
*Committee of the Church.*

At a special meeting of the Corporation of the Second Baptist Society, held Feb'y 26th, it was voted unanimously to concur with the Church in the application to Dr. Hague for a copy of the discourse on the death of the late Dr. Choules.

WILLIAM GRAY, *Moderator.*
OLIVER READ, *Clerk, pro. tem.*

# TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Psalm lxxxviii. 18:

"Lover and friend hast thou put far from me."

We have met in this temple to-day to honor the memory of a departed friend. The hand of Death has struck a blow which vibrates throughout a wide sphere of acquaintanceship. We are participants of a common sorrow; the sense of painful bereavement which so deeply affects the family-circle, the church, and the parish, is largely shared by the whole community, and is felt by multitudes far distant, who, were it in their power, would fain be present here to swell the solemn dirge which gives a tongue to grief, to express their cherished love for one whose name awakens fond and pleasant memories, the like of which will rarely come at any other bidding.

Very seldom has the announcement of a man's departure from the quiet walks of the living world overspread so many pleasant households with an air of sadness, or caused so many warm and genial souls at once to throb with sympathetic anguish. The fatal shaft has often smitten down the great men of the earth, removing them suddenly from the giddy heights of honor or of power, and then a whole nation has been summoned to behold the funereal display, to show forth the signs of official respect; but in all this formal demonstration it might be seen, that scarcely a single heart of man, or woman, or child, had any real concern, and that the whole mournful pageant had been fashioned according to some conventional law of propriety or of precedent. It has been truly said,

> "Friendship's the privilege
> Of private men; for wretched greatness knows
> No blessing so substantial."

Here and there, however, may be found men of large and generous nature, whose very presence is a source of exhilaration, and whose emanations of love awaken love in others. Unto them our souls go forth spontaneously; they take our affections

captive. They are gifts of Heaven to human society ; they seem to have been sent into the world as ministers of Friendship. Their influence is a refreshing balm ; despondency flies from their approach ; and wheresoever they move, the most languid pulse of social affection is quickened to a more healthy beat. In the retrospective survey of our earthly course, there loom the forms of persons whose features, manners, tones of voice, everything, indeed, that may be said to distinguish their personality, are associated with our happiest remembrances of youth and manhood: and when death parts us from friends like these, the complexion of the world seems greatly changed ; the sphere of our companionship takes on a more sombre hue ; the circle wherein our affections had free and healthful play becomes painfully contracted, and the whole domain of our social life is pervaded by a chilly gloom like that which a keen autumnal blast sometimes brings over the aspects of external nature. Here and elsewhere, in the ranks of the aged and the young, there are many "living souls" whose personal experience will verify these sentiments as suggested by the present occasion, and who will

readily adopt the plaintive strain of the Psalmist of Israel, in order to express their own feeling of bereavement: "Lover and friend hast thou put far from me."

The words that I have chosen as my text, are regarded by many modern critics as having been designed to give utterance to the grief of the Jewish people in the time of their captivity: as Dr. Noyes observes in his version of this book, "The Jewish people represented under the image of a man in distress." In connection with a devout sense of dependence upon God and of submission to his will, the psalm expresses a keen appreciation of true friendship, considered as a rich boon which our Heavenly Father may wisely "give or take away." The writer of the psalm deplores its loss; and the words which he employs are as well suited to denote the pain of separation from our friends, whether they be borne away from us by the hand of Providence into a land of exile, or "withdrawn from our sight" by the stroke of death. In either case it becomes us to acknowledge the sovereignty of God, to bow down before Him in the spirit of childlike resignation, even though at the same moment we may

prize more highly than ever the blessing of which we have been bereft, and though the longing heart may commemorate the worth and blessedness of a friendship to be enjoyed no more upon the earth.

Allow me to follow this natural impulse, and to detain your attention, while I seek briefly to develop the theme which the text suggests, in a form that befits this commemorative service. For whensoever we attempt to trace the earthly course of a man, who has furnished in his life the actual realization of some one leading idea, of some noble thought, or of an exalted conception of a single manly virtue, it is proper that the mind should pause awhile to meditate on that distinguishing excellence. In accordance with this view of fitness, I am led to propose to you, as a subject claiming a brief consideration,

*The Characteristics of True Friendship.*

The Divine Author of our being has constituted human nature, not only with a capacity for friendship, but with that deep longing for it which renders its enjoyment an urgent necessity. Let the sturdiest mind, however rich it may be in its own re-

sources, look forth upon the millions of our species who inhabit the earth, and cherish the belief that amongst them all there is not one with whom it has a peculiar affinity, not one who reciprocates a personal attachment, and surely, no solitude of the desert will seem so dreary as this living landscape of cold and selfish humanity. Even in early infancy, the eyes of the little one that is laughing in its mother's arms sparkle with new joy when an equal in age approaches it; the school-boy is eager to select some genial companion in whom he may confide as his own friend, with whom he may share his sports, gains, or troubles; and in the years of manhood the heart yearns not less earnestly for some other heart whose warmth it can feel and whose pulsations shall beat in unison with its own. This is the impulse of unsophisticated nature; it is felt alike in the palace and the cottage, in the parlor of the citizen and in the wigwam of the savage. It is an impulse, too, which religion does not annihilate or check; it is perfectly consistent with the love which we owe to God and to all mankind, for, in the group of disciples who formed the family and the school of Jesus, there was one with

whom he cherished a special intimacy, who leaned upon his bosom, and was designated by common consent, "the disciple whom Jesus loved."

Poor is the man as to earthly fortune, however vast may be his estate in lands or gold, who has not this blessing, which the Son of Syrach calls "the medicine of life." And yet stern experience has wrung from many a heart the sad confession, that the exemplification of a friendship that is spontaneous, disinterested, strong, and lasting, is seldom witnessed. Money cannot buy it, power cannot command it, and the king on his throne, amid the splendors that encircle majesty, has felt lonely and desolate for the want of it. A true friend is one of the most precious gifts of Heaven, and not one that may be ranked among "the common and abundant gifts of Providence." Buoyant youth, we know, is not wont to believe this testimony. Ardent, confiding, captivated by appearances, it lavishes its affections without stint or discrimination, until, after having been betrayed and wounded, its introverted feelings prey upon itself and generate a morbid misanthropy. Bitterly disappointed through its own ignorance and rashness, it bounds to the opposite extreme,

distrusts and repels society, and, yielding itself to the sway of a sullen, gloomy temper, declares that "all men are liars," that friendship exists nowhere throughout the world, except within the realm of Fancy or Romance.

To guard against this unhappy issue is the province of wisdom. In this endeavor, Reason and Experience will not withhold their aids from honest hearts; and where these aids fail, divine Revelation comes in to supply the need, by those heavenly teachings which "are sure, making wise the simple." Under these tuitions we learn, that the structure of true friendship rests upon a solid foundation; and that this foundation is not laid, as too many imagine, in outward condition, in rank, wealth, culture, or in social position, but only in personal CHARACTER.

I. Now the first requisite to be sought in human character, in order to render friendship of enduring worth, is moral rectitude—that fine quality which we sometimes denominate *personal integrity*. Without this there may be much in manners and accomplishments for us to admire, much of wit to amuse us, or of intelligence to instruct us, and much in a finely

cultivated address to win our affections; but after all, it will be but the friendship of a holiday; it will never bear trial; at the first approach of calamity it will vanish; and we will be sadly taught that in its best estate it is not strong enough to bear the weight of our confidence. If, caught by its show, we shall have deemed it real and permanent, the first pang of disappointment may suffice to dispel the gay illusion; for it will prove to be as evanescent as the rainbow, which once, in childish ignorance, we ran to embrace, then stood with tearful eyes to see it melting away, leaving us confronted with the angry cloud whose brow it had wreathed like a lovely garland wrought by an angel's hand. What is friendship worth unless it last through the storm as well as the sunshine? And how vain the wish to repose on its bosom, if not convinced that a firm, moral integrity is the basis of its character! Doing this heedlessly, you will have no one but yourself to blame: if it secretly wound you, if it wantonly sport with the power it shall have acquired over you, and bitterly mock your fondest hopes in time of need. The intimacies formed for the purposes of gain, ambition, or

amusement, even though they should not degenerate, as they are too apt to do, into mere combinations of vice and folly, deserve not the name of friendship; for the lurking selfishness that animates them is incapable of any sacrifice for your sake, and though it may fawn or smile amid scenes of business or hilarity, it will "turn and rend you" with the frown of wrath and hate, if called to exercise the least self-denial for your welfare.

II. Hence, let us observe in this connection, how essential as a requisite of true friendship, is sound *religious principle*. We can easily conceive of two persons, kindred minds, possessing all the congenial elements of character that nature can supply; but then, unless the spirit of religion, as taught and exemplified by Christ himself, so rule in the soul of each as to control the selfish passions, and unite the affections of both in the pursuit of those ennobling objects that are held forth to our view in the Gospel—their friendship cannot be trusted to survive the shocks of inevitable and sudden emergencies, or to resist that rasping "wear and tear" of the sensibilities which will be brought on by the harsh friction of those faults, foibles, and infirmities

that are inherent in humanity. We can recall instances of youthful friendships, rich in promises and budding hopes, blighted by what seemed but trifling casualties; and then, after a long interval, they have been formed anew, when both the parties had been led to bow themselves in the simplicity of childlike faith before the cross of Christ, and yield their hearts to the transforming power of His truth and grace. As it has been well said of religious worship in a household, that "it is a sort of selvedge to keep the web of life from unravelling," so we may safely say that the Religion of Christ, as an inward power, is the only *reliable* bond to preserve friendship from destruction.

It is no effectual objection to this statement, that multitudes who profess Christianity, many of whom, too, we may regard as very sincere Christians, appear to be incapable of the reciprocation of friendship. For, in these instances, those tastes and sentiments which are essential to friendship, have not been liberally furnished by nature; but, as far as they have any existence, true religion refines, improves, and strengthens them. Religion does not work a miracle on the physical faculties, neither

does it supply new ones ; it takes these as it finds them, cramped or crippled as they may be, rescues them from the perversions of a sinful heart, directs them to proper objects, purifies and elevates them; and, so far as all the capabilities of friendship are concerned, it imparts a new life and power to the character.

III. Another quality of true friendship, which here claims our notice, is a nice *sense of honor*. This phrase is employed to designate that sentiment which actuates a man in determining the rights of others, or in adjusting the claims which others have upon him in the intercourse of social life. The word itself is said, by a celebrated philologist, defining *honor*, to have its root in a Greek term, which meant originally to *elevate ;* and it has been remarked, in accordance with this statement, that Cicero, in his fine analysis of this virtue, considers it synonymous with personal excellence of the most exalted kind. In the Old Testament, the life and character of a good man is commended to our esteem by a description that is confined to this single epithet: "Jabez was more *honorable* than his brethren."* Brief as is this record, it enfolds a

* 1 Chron. iv. 9.

great eulogy. It suggests to us those ideas of self-respect, fraternal sympathy, and real manliness, which render one worthy to be admired and loved. The sentiment of honor takes cognizance of many particulars relating to fitness, justness, and propriety, which do not come directly within the range of the law of rectitude. It renders the mind wherein it thrives delicately alive to all the appeals that are made to its generosity and candor, and prompts it to come up to all the expectations of a reposing confidence, even where there is no pledged word or palpable bond of obligation. Thus, if a man commit to his friend some information of matters relating to his private affairs, his domestic life, or personal history, on the condition of a promise that it shall be kept as a sacred trust, that friend would violate the law of rectitude if he should publish it abroad; but a quick sense of honor, apart from all specific promises, would place under the seal of an inviolable safe-keeping, every word which he has reason to believe would never have been uttered in his presence, except upon the supposition that he would keep the communication locked within his own bosom. For it is honor

"———— that clasps
All perfect justice in her arms; that craves
No more respect than what she gives; that does
Nothing but what she'll suffer."

Without this cherished sentiment, one may allow himself to give ear to unreserved discourse, whose very freedom throws a fascinating charm around our hearths and homes, with the frank and friendly air of a confidential listener; and then, having partaken of the treasured trusts of unsuspecting friendship, may cast forth these "pearls" to be trampled under the feet of swinish men, bearing within him, nevertheless, the conscience of an *honest* man. The book of Proverbs, so profound in its teachings of practical wisdom, abounds in cautions touching this dangerous liability, and says, with real pith and point, "a whisperer separateth very friends; but he that is of a faithful spirit concealeth a matter. Therefore meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips: where no whisperer is, strife ceaseth." The character to which Solomon here refers, is not that of the man of "lying lips," but that of the curious, reckless busybody, who gratifies a passion for social excitement by words that wound the heart and disturb

the peace of households. The case is one which illustrates the difference between honesty and honor; which, though they be near akin, are sometimes unhappily forced to part company. He who would be fitly careful in the formation of his friendships, must mark this distinction; must observe that the one may exist without the other, and must seek their happy union in the character of his friend, even though he may be doomed by many a failure to learn how rare that combination is in the actual world around him.

IV. In addition to these sterling qualities of True Friendship, it is necessary that there should be a *congeniality of tastes*, not merely touching the lighter, but also the graver classes of subjects that engage our attention.

It would be erroneous, indeed, to give to this proposition an application so rigid as to leave but little scope for differences of opinion and feeling on matters of very great concern. It has been aptly remarked by Dugald Stewart, "That where the groundwork of two characters in point of moral worth is the same, there is sometimes a contrast in the secondary qualities, of taste, of intellectual ac-

complishments, and even of animal spirits, which, instead of presenting obstacles to friendship, has a tendency to bind more strongly the knot of mutual attachment between the parties."* Literary history and common life abound in examples illustrative of the truth of this observation.

Nevertheless, where kindred minds find real delight in each other's society, there must be some strong points of common interest which their sympathies can grasp, and around which their affections may become intertwined. Especially is this remark verified within the realm of Religion, which addresses itself to our deepest sense of want and to the strongest emotions of the human soul. When its true purpose is understood, when it enters the heart as a welcomed sovereign, it puts forth a power that is adequate to strengthen what is weak, gradually to rectify what is perverse, and thus to educate the whole nature both for earth and for heaven. But mark, I pray you: it is the simple, vital religion of the New Testament of which I speak, not the blind force of a natural sentiment which takes on the form or hue that prevailing custom may

* Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers, Book I. chap. 3, sec. 3.

happen to allot to it. What a persuasive proof of the heavenly origin of Christianity is afforded by its comparative effects on human character, as it is disclosed to our view by the fact, now generally acknowledged, that every other religious system tends to disqualify one for the cultivation of true friendship. The grovelling idolatries and revolting cruelties of all the Pagan creeds, the low sensualism which pertains to that of Mahomet, together with its inexorable opposition to all intellectual progress —to all social or moral improvement, are enough, of themselves, to show that a refining and exalting friendship cannot be the product of those superstitions. In the lands where they prevail, nature, circumstances, and adventitious influences, may do much in spite of them, for minds of a peculiar mould; just as we find that, amidst all the moral darkness around them, some earnest souls are sighing for a better religion: but real friendship, like that which the heart of man will ever crave, which his capacities call for, and which his condition needs, can never be the growth of such a rank and miry soil. Whensoever we come to deal with the spiritual or social wants of humanity, the divinity

of the religion of Christ flashes upon us in new and striking lights, so that its aspects of beauty and glory are multiplied a thousand-fold. It is a truth, worthy of habitual remembrance, that the heavenly state which Christianity discloses, is the home of perfect friendship ; and that it is only when human hearts are united by the love which true religion enkindles, that they become susceptible of a friendship like that which Jesus cherished within the family-circle of Bethany, pure as the light and lasting as eternity.

Surely, our experiences of life will verify these testimonies. The more carefully we reflect, the more deeply are we made to feel that we must "seek first God's kingdom and its righteousness" before the blessings of true friendship can be "added unto" us. Give unto a man a quiet home, where the most lovely landscape of earth shall be spread out around him ; give him an agreeable business, and let the current of his affairs roll on smoothly from day to day ; give him a congenial family and a circle of companions, wherein he shall find an ample sphere for the play of his social affections ; and then, tell me, have you made him truly and permanently

happy? Have you satisfied the deepest wants of his nature? O, no; not yet. In the scenes of solitude and of society, solemn moans from the "aching void" within him will arrest, at times, the attentive, friendly ear. He still feels assured that he has an immortal spirit to care for, that he has an erring heart, that "the law of sin" worketh within him, that life is short, that his hold of earth is frail, that death, judgment, and eternity, with their dread solemnities, are close at hand, and every fresh stroke of calamity forces conscience to give forth its echo to the solemn song of the sanctuary:

> "As for man, his days are as grass;
> As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth;
> The blast passeth over it, and it is gone;
> And its place shall know it no more."

Then his spirit sickens of the finest scenery; it cannot "live on bread alone," nor on costly viands, nor on gold, nor beauty, nor splendor; and human friendship hath no sufficient balm to heal its wounds or soothe its fears. It must have an Almighty Saviour; it *must* believe in Him, and repose on his love. But when Christ, received by Faith, enters the heart as its rightful monarch, becomes enthroned

in the affections, and saith with the princely grace of one bestowing a coronation-gift, "All that I have is thine," then are begun "the days of heaven upon the earth:" and when kindred spirits are united in the bonds of supreme love to Him, their friendship ripens into a divine beatitude, while each can cheer the other, even amidst the pains of death, by melodies like those which lingered upon the lips of our departed friend and brother:

> "Jesus, lover of *my* soul,
> Let *me* to thy bosom fly:
> Thou, O! Christ, art all I want,
> All in all in thee I find."

It has seemed proper, on this occasion, that I should detain your thoughts thus long with the consideration of a subject which will be always associated in our remembrances with the name of him whom death has lately removed from these scenes of his earthly ministries, whose worth we have met to commemorate, whose life and character exemplified a remarkable combination of the finest moral elements that constitute true friendship. His name is here a fondly cherished heritage. For your sakes there is no need of an elaborated memorial.

Your hearts offer better tributes than any words of mine can express. And yet, I accept the task assigned to me of tracing in your presence an outline of his history and a delineation of his character, because the sorrowing heart finds a grateful relief in any effort, however imperfect, to embalm in recorded testimonies the names of those who are dear to us, to awaken in other hearts sentiments of honor and esteem towards a memory that it would "not willingly let die."

John Overton Choules was born in Bristol, England, February 5th, 1801. His parents were Wesleyans, esteemed for their piety, and were accustomed to receive as guests into their family circle such men as Dr. Adam Clark, and other distinguished ministers of the Wesleyan connection. At the age of twelve years, he was deprived of his father and his mother by the hand of death, and he passed through the period of his youthful orphanage under the guardianship of his uncle, Henry Overton Wills, Esq., a pious man, a wealthy merchant, a Congregationalist or Independent, and a manager of the Bristol Tabernacle, which was built by Whitfield, and occupied through successive

terms of every year by the most distinguished ministers of England.

Of the evils that are incidental to such a bereavment, undoubtedly, he had his share; for in the education of a boy there can be no adequate substitution for the comprehensive care which springs from parental love. Nevertheless, a kind Providence preserved him from being thrown friendless upon the world, and permitted him to grow up within a circle of family relatives, enjoying the benefits of a well-ordered home. To an orphan boy, a respectable English home is a boon of no small importance, especially if that home be situated in the midst of refined and cultivated society, and in a city distinguished for the excellence of its schools, its churches, its commercial and literary wealth, its public spirit, for the beauty of its surrounding scenery, and for the varied advantages which nature or art can furnish.

Such a place, indeed, is Bristol; for it still verifies a remark which Hannah More penned, respecting it, in a letter dated more than seventy years ago: "Bristol has all the bustle of London, and leaves me almost as little time to myself; but one

must submit to the disadvantage of an acquaintance too large to be select; yet here are many excellent persons." During the years that have elapsed since the concluding phrase of this sentence was written, it has lost none of its applicability to the city of Bristol and its neighborhood, with which, by the law of local association, we are ever wont to connect the names of Robert Hall, Ryland, Foster, Southey, Sidney Smith, Samuel Budgett, and others who have shed an enduring lustre over the wide domain of English commerce, literature, and religion.

If any one of the venerable men of this community, whose life "by reason of strength" has numbered "fourscore years," had been permitted, a little less than half a century since, to have lived, even for a few months, in the city of Bristol, and there, with an eye observant of youthful character, had been accustomed, for his own pleasure, to watch the sports of children on their play-grounds, or to notice them when gathered in their school-rooms, we have reason to believe that the form and features of young Choules would have arrested his attention, and would have retained at this very hour

a place in his memory. And if such an observer had been gifted with the keen, quick intuition of Thomas De Quincey, wedded to a lively sympathy with the spirit of hale, buoyant life, as it is developed in English childhood, it is likely that he would have ventured many a prophecy as to the destined celebrity of his young friend. For, he would have seen at his daily school-tasks a playful boy, who seemed to feel his life in every limb, the embodied expression of health, strength, and overflowing joyousness, that the most rigid discipline could scarcely restrain, with a mind that could not only master easily the lessons that were set for it, but would seek inquisitively for information on a score of points which those lessons had suggested; and then, after he had bounded away from the bondage of the class-room, this same boy might have been met at almost every turn of this observer's walks, now watching the doings and sayings of the merchants who were gathered on 'Change, now exploring the wonders of an "old curiosity shop," now climbing the shrouds of a ship at the docks, or questioning the mariner about foreign climes, now lingering on some neighboring height to enjoy a rural landscape,

now listening with rapture, amidst a crowd, to the voice of some eminent orator, and now again, seated in the humble abode of a friendly shoemaker, like a scholar at his feet, to hear this man discourse of the marvels he had seen, or had read of in books of voyages and travels.

His sensitive nature, so spontaneously active, so thoroughly receptive, was constantly inhaling the most diversified influences from the manifold sources of excitement around him. Nothing that was remarkable escaped his notice. And nothing that he learned was soon forgotten. Every object that possessed a point of interest for a particular class of minds, seemed to awaken some responsive faculty within him. His power of observation, acting upon his sympathies, supplied to him, to a considerable extent, the lessons that were commonly derived from experience alone. Hence, he found something that was attractive to him in every class of persons. He was at home with all of every rank. From each he gathered something that was interesting to another. He was, therefore, welcomed by all; and he enjoyed the pleasure of both giving and receiving. Hence, too, his natural sagacity in read-

ing human character was rapidly cultivated. No human being, from the highest to the lowest of the social grades, was entirely devoid of interest to him. Even in those days of his boyhood, if the greatest men of England visited Bristol, he was sure to find some proper way of approaching each one of them, and, perhaps, of forming his acquaintance; so that, as was once said to me by a companion of his later youth, (Rev. Thomas Price, D.D., Editor of the Eclectic Review), it was a matter of amusement and amazement to his fellow-students to witness the ease and gracefulness with which such impulsive determinations were carried out in action. At the same time, his keen zest for knowledge, and for observation of character, would render the abode of some poor, obscure man in the neighborhood a charmed resort. For, to many a place within his reach, the following sentences from his own pen, descriptive of his boyish rovings, might be partially applicable: "When I was about nine years of age, I used to pass many delicious hours in a cobler's stall, not eight feet square, listening to his stories about the American Revolutionary war, and the wars of the English and French in Canada. I

made my earliest acquaintance with Lake George, Ticonderaga, and Niagara Falls, by the side of the old man's lapstone, whilst he told me how fields were won; and Cobbler Hunt's stories about Indians and lakes, beavers and buffaloes, swans and flamingoes, had much to do with creating a desire to know more of the scenes of his exploits and adventures." The school education which he received during the period of boyhood was, probably, as good in every respect as could have been found any where in England. He was placed under the care of the Rev. Thomas Evans, Master of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, in Bristol, and afterwards, at Devizes, Wilts, under the direction of Richard Biggs, Esq. Thus early did he begin, amidst "books, work, or healthful play," to lay every sphere of life under contribution, in order to furnish aliment for his intellectual growth, incentives to the cultivation of his tastes, or the expansion of his social affections.

A youth of such a constitution and temperament would be, of course, exposed to peculiar temptations; and to no one, perhaps, would it have ap-

peared very probable that the ministry of the gospel, and that, too, amongst the dissenters from the Established Church of his native country, would ever become the profession of his choice. To no one would a determination like this have seemed less likely than to himself. Especially would this issue have been little thought of immediately after he had completed his school duties, when by his daily employment in the business of a mercantile establishment, he was learning the mysteries of trade, and projecting schemes for the acquisition of a fortune. But his plans and projects were overruled by the power of Him who holdeth the hearts of the children of men in his hand and turneth them "as the streams of water" are turned by the skill of the husbandman who cuts his own channels for their flow. The religious truths that fell upon his ear from the teachings of the Sunday School, followed by the ministrations of the pulpit, were carried by a divine energy to his heart, and there "wrought effectually." He was awakened to a deep sense of his native sinfulness, accompanied by a clear perception of the

spirituality of the Divine law. In this state of mind he was prepared to welcome the all-sufficient grace revealed in the gospel, by Jesus Christ, unto eternal life. He rejoiced in the hope of his personal acceptance with God; and, having avowèd "the reason of the hope that was in him" to the Broadmead Baptist Church, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Ryland, he was baptized and received into their fellowship on the 9th of September, 1819, being then in the nineteenth year of his age.

Soon after this event, he left Bristol to reside at Dunstable, Bedfordshire, in order to pursue his studies under the Rev. William Anderson, a man distinguished for his classical attainments, his skill in teaching, and the severity of his scholastic discipline. Mr. Choules always mentioned his name with profound respect, and with expressions of gratitude. During the later years of his life, when recalling the scenes of the past in the rapid flow of his conversation, he would not fail to do justice to the fidelity of his tutor, and to the attractions of his "glorious old library." "Never," he was wont to say, "never have I known such years of study as those I passed at Dunstable." At this time, also,

he was engaged considerably in preaching, occupying various pulpits in Bedfordshire.*

In the year 1822 he returned to Bristol, and entered the college in that city, under the presidency of Dr. Ryland, as a theological student. Whilst he was there enjoying educational advantages of a high order, his long-cherished desire towards this country as his home was awakened anew; and in the year 1824 he arrived in New York, bearing letters of introduction to Divie Bethune, Esq., and to others also, clergymen and laymen, of that city and vicinity. There he spent his first winter in America, and was much engaged in supplying the pulpits of various Christian denominations.

* The day before the Sabbath on which this discourse was delivered the author was introduced to a man who had the appearance of a weather-beaten sailor. He had walked a considerable distance in order to be present at the commemorative service. His name was John Eames, and he had known Dr. Choules when he was a student at Dunstable. In communicating his reminiscences, he said: "I was a boy of sixteen, and was brought up in the Church of England; but I was attracted to the chapel of Mr. Anderson by the part that Mr. Choules took in the service. At that time he was accustomed to preach considerably in the vicinity of Dunstable. I remember well an instance of his courage. In going to one of his preaching-stations he would often have occasion to pass by the house of a man who kept a very fierce dog. The student who accompanied him would generally shrink back in a state of great alarm as the dog ran out towards them; but young Choules would always stand firm, look the dog in the eye till he was awed down, and then walk quietly forward."

Following the advice of the friends whom he found in New York, he accepted, for a time, the charge of the Red-Hook Academy, at Red-Hook, in Dutchess county, on the eastern shore of the Hudson. He was a popular teacher. He could see at a glance the real capacity of a scholar, and with admirable tact he would make the most of it. With the vivacity and playfulness of a child, he combined the manly strength, the decided judgment, and the force of will that are requisite for the control of young minds; and there are those now living, occupying positions of civil and social distinction in different parts of the land, who regard his influence over them in their youth as being intimately connected with their success in life, and who speak of their school days at Red-Hook with benedictions upon his name.

But in this position, so agreeable to him, he was not allowed to remain for a long period. In the year 1827, this church (which had been known since the year 1656 as the Second Baptist Church of Newport) suffered a severe loss by the death of its pastor, the Rev. Wm. Gammell, "whose praise was in all the churches" of the land, and whose re-

moval, in the forty-second year of his age, from a sphere of usefulness that was daily extending itself, covered this community with a pall of gloom. Very rarely have brighter hopes of ministerial success been suddenly blighted than those which were buried in the grave of Mr. Gammell. It became, at once, to the denomination generally, a question of great interest whether any man could be found, at liberty to accept a call, qualified to occupy a pulpit that had just been vacated by one who had the most favorable access to the public ear, and at the same time enjoyed the confidence and affections of the church that he served. In circumstances like these, a pastoral charge presents peculiar difficulties to the view of any one, especially of a young man. Nevertheless, these difficulties were mastered. The fame of Mr. Choules as a preacher had already reached New England. His first sermons in this place were delivered on the 17th of June, 1827; after remaining a few weeks, he accepted the unanimous call of the church and congregation; and on the 27th of September, the services of ordination were performed by an ecclesiastical council, who appointed the Rev. Dr. Gano,

of Providence, to deliver the discourse appropriate to that occasion. Immediately the ministry of Mr. Choules won public favor. It was not only popular, but it was greatly blessed of Heaven; and, during the year that followed his ordination, more than fifty persons were baptized, and received into the church on a profession of their faith. Of these, he had occasion to say two years afterward in a public discourse, "I cannot forbear to express my gratitude to God that in the additions which we then received we have sources of unmingled joy and satisfaction. We see them at our solemn feasts; meet them in the ways of Zion, and hope to behold them at last perfect before God." During this period of his first pastorship, Mr. Choules's pen was constantly employed. In 1829, he edited *James's Church Member's Guide*, which was issued from the press of Lincoln and Edmands. In 1831, he was engaged in bringing out a religious annual, entitled, "The Christian's Offering." This book led the way in that class of publications. The following sentence from his brief preface indicates his aim and his motive. "There can be no doubt entertained by a reflecting mind that the wide diffusion

of the light and elegant literature of the day is exerting a powerful influence on the community, and especially on the youthful mind; and it is therefore incumbent on the friends of truth to aid the circulation of such works of taste as shall produce the best moral and religious effects."

Early in the year 1832, Mr. Choules committed to the press the History of Missions, in two quarto volumes; a work which had been commenced by the Rev. Thomas Smith, an eminent minister of England, who died in the midst of his arduous labors, in the year 1830. Mr. Choules completed the history, bestowed much time and toil upon its editorship. and was gratified with its favorable reception by the public.

After a pastorship in Newport of six years duration, Mr. Choules resigned his charge, in order to accept a call from the First Baptist Church, in New Bedford, Massachusetts. He preached a valedictory sermon to a crowded assembly on the 25th of January, 1833, reviewing the chief events and scenes of his ministry in this place. His remembrances of that portion of his life were always grateful to his feelings, except in view of that gloomy

shadow that had been cast upon it by the death of his wife, a most excellent and accomplished Christian lady, who was qualified to adorn every relation which she sustained to the family, to the church, and to general society. Mrs. Martha Garland Choules, who was a native of Danvers, Massachusetts, was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Bolles, removed to Newport in 1829, and, after a residence of more than two years in this community, left a name that will not soon be forgotten.

In New Bedford, Mr Choules assumed the charge of a church which was regarded as one of the most flourishing in New England. His situation there was, in every respect, congenial with his tastes, and his ministry was attended with more than an ordinary degree of success. In the year following that of his settlement, fifty-two persons were added to the church by baptism, on a profession of their faith, and of these a considerable proportion have been distinguished by their habits of active usefulness.

While residing in New Bedford, Mr. Choules was united in marriage to the lady who still lives to bewail his loss. Three years afterward his father-

in-law, Thomas Pope, Esq., determined to remove to a new home, in the State of Michigan, and it was his wish that Mr. Choules should reside somewhere in his neighborhood. This wish was partially gratified. It was in these circumstances that a call from the Baptist Church in Buffalo was invested with some attractions, apart from those which pertained directly to the sphere of influence that was opened to him in that lively, thriving city of Western New York. He entered upon his work with great delight, and labored with acceptance, although suffering often from a disorder of the throat, produced by the harsh winds from Lake Erie.

After a residence of four years' continuance in Buffalo, a call was presented to him by the Sixth Street Baptist Church in the city of New York, to become their pastor. It was a church that could offer him no inducement to accept their invitation arising from their position, their wealth, strength, or influence. They had been familiar with adversity. The situation of their house of worship was unfavorable to their progress. Not only was its situation ineligible, but it was not in itself attract-

ive. Nevertheless, there were some grounds of hope that better days would come. There were some excellent persons, who, though not of the church, were very desirous to witness their prosperity. Among these was the Rev. Dr. Cone, whose friendly suggestions on their behalf were very influential in guiding the deliberations of Mr. Choules, and in leading him to the determination to undertake the task set before him. But the experiment was not successful. Although a hopeful impulse was given to it by the zeal and energy of the preacher, yet, before the lapse of two years, it was evident that a state of permanent prosperity was quite impracticable. The enterprise was ultimately abandoned. But then it is worthy of notice, in this connection, that the experiences of Mr. Choules verified the saying, that adversity is not without its uses. This period of gloomy discouragement displayed the character of the man to the eyes of his friends in those aspects which would have been hidden by success—

> As darkness shows us worlds of light
> We never saw by day.

Never in the whole course of his life did he suffer

so much by the paralyzing touch of disappointment; never were his means of living so stinted; never did he endure so many forms of personal privation; and yet, never were his daily walks so signalized by acts of kindness, by deeds of love and mercy, which I shall not hesitate to call the brilliant achievements of a self-forgetting and beneficent philanthropy.

In due time, however, the clouds that had lowered around him were dispelled. In the year 1843, he accepted a call from the Baptist Church of Jamaica Plain, a part of the town of Roxbury, near Boston. There again his situation, with all its surroundings, was most agreeable to his cherished tastes. Every feature of it, too, he fully appreciated. It is a place that has been justly styled the Eden of New England. Nature and art have there combined to spread out before the eye the most enchanting scenery. On every side, in its natural landscapes, its cultivated fields and gardens, as well as in its genial society, there was much to realize his finest conceptions of an English home. Moreover, every talent, and every acquisition that was peculiar to him, was highly estimated there. At

that period the church was comparatively young, its members few, but it was full of vitality, and the pulpit occupied by Mr. Choules attracted to the house of worship a numerous and appreciative audience. His efforts were not put forth in vain; he did good service in the ministry, by diffusing widely throughout the community a candid spirit, and by conciliating a favorable regard to the Gospel which he preached.

While enjoying his residence at Jamaica Plain, Dr. Choules received into his family five or six boys, from wealthy families in New York, in order to prepare them for college or the counting-room, and also employed the hours of leisure that were at his command in preparing for the press a new edition of Neal's History of the Puritans, which was issued in 1844, from the press of Harper and Brothers. The design and the extent of his labors in this undertaking are thus stated in his own words: "It is quite clear that in the United States there is a general attention directed to the subject of Church History, partly arising from the almost total apathy which has so long existed, and in a considerable degree owing to the extraordinary

movement in the Church of England, who regard their amputation from Rome as original sin and actual transgression. I have long wished to see Neal's admirable History of the Puritans in the hands not only of the ministry and students, but all private reading Christians, a growing class in this country; but its very expensive price has been an insuperable barrier to general circulation. Consultation with many of our most influential clergy, of all denominations interested, has induced me to prepare an edition which shall not only be so cheap as to admit of general use, but which shall embody the valuable information which has been garnered up by the writers of the last century. Since Neal finished his work we have had the writings of Towgood and Toulmin, Wilson and Palmer, Brooks and Conder, Fletcher and Orme, and especially the admirable contributions of Drs. Vaughan and Price. The works alluded to, and very many others, have been faithfully and laboriously consulted, in order to enrich this edition. It *may* have some errors in typography which have escaped my notice, but I can assure the reader, that it is the most perfect edition extant, and that I have made scores of cor-

rections from the latest London edition. Not an *iota* has been altered in the original text of Neal, and *every edition* of the immortal work has been carefully collated and compared."

In the year 1847, Dr. Choules was delighted to receive a communication from his former parishioners in Newport, which, in fact, was nothing less than an earnest request that he would return to his "first love," and set his hand again to the work of his ministry in the place where it had been commenced. He welcomed this communication, because it was a proof of long-cherished affection which he warmly reciprocated; not on account of any desire, on his part, to leave the church and people whom he was then happily serving. So far was he from this, that the thought of another removal was painful to him. After a friendly correspondence the invitation was declined. A few months passed away and the call was then repeated. The strength of early attachments at last prevailed; and most cordial was the welcome with which Dr. Choules was greeted when he returned, in the strength of his manhood, to the official position that he had occupied so honorably in the days of

his youth. To you he was the same "dear old friend," the sharer of your joys and sorrows, your companion, counsellor, and religious teacher. Time had wrought no change in him except for the better; his mind, improved by new studies and experiences, seemed as youthful as ever, and the sound of his voice, as it reverberated along these walls, moved your hearts like some sweet, familiar melody which hallows the scenes of the past, while

> With easy force it opens all the cells
> Where memory slept.

From the time of his return to these scenes and associations of his younger days, unto the last moment of his existence upon the earth, Dr. Choules has enjoyed the confidence and affections of those with whom he stood most closely connected as a man and a Christian minister. He was loved by his people; he *knew* that he was loved; and he felt in his own heart the joy that springs from a full reciprocation of the sentiment. He, who was so lavish of kindnesses to others, thoroughly appreciated every act of kindness that was done to himself. No sacrifice that others made for his happiness was forgotten. After having visited England and the

Continent, with several pupils who formed a part of his household, in 1851, it seemed to him that his duty to you required him to decline the friendly invitation of Mr. Vanderbilt, in 1853, to join the party of voyagers who were about to depart in his new steam-yacht, in order to visit the principal seaports of Europe ; and your determination that he should not, on your account, miss so splendid an opportunity, awakened in his breast a sense of obligation of which the public are now the grateful sharers. His two volumes of travels, the one entitled, "Young Americans Abroad," the other, "Cruise of the North Star," are memorials alike of his industry and of your generous indulgence.

When we consider that, in addition to the works already mentioned, Dr. Choules has put forth an American edition of Foster's Statesmen of the English Commonwealth, that he has furnished a continuation of Hinton's History of America, ending with the administration of President Taylor, that for several years he has edited the Boston Christian Times, or contributed regularly to other papers, that his lecture on the character and administration of Oliver Cromwell, and also his lectures on other

subjects, have been received with favor throughout the country, we are led to the conclusion that his pen was seldom idle, and that it has done good service in the cause of literature and religion.

The last labor that specially tasked his pen, was a commemorative discourse on the life and character of the Rev. Joshua Bradley, one of his predecessors in the ministry of this church, almost half a century ago, and late Superintendent of Public Instruction in the State of Minnesota, who died in November last, at St. Paul's, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. On the Sunday following that on which this discourse was delivered, the last Sunday of the year, Dr. Choules preached in this pulpit from these words: (Eph. v. 14,) "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." None who heard him then surmised that they were listening to the preacher for the last time; but with that sermon his public ministry was finished. The subject itself, the sentiments suggested, and the spirit in which they were inculcated, rendered that discourse as truly appropriate to the circumstances as if his mind, by some strange forecast, had anticipated the solemn aspects with

which subsequent events have invested that occasion.

The evening of the ensuing day, Monday, December 31st, was passed by Dr. Choules at the house of one of his parishioners, where was gathered a benevolent society, whose object was to furnish aid to the Grand Ligne Mission. It is said that he had seldom appeared to be more animated; more keenly alive to the enjoyments of a social circle. Between eight and nine o'clock he took leave of his friends for the purpose of visiting New York, on business connected with his school. He had then been suffering from a severe cold for a few days; but his natural flow of spirits was such, that it was always difficult, when he was somewhat indisposed, to ascertain the degree of indisposition under which he labored. Nothing occurred, however, to interfere with his various engagements until Wednesday. On that day, towards evening, while returning to the residence of Nelson Robinson, Esq., whose guest he was, he fell upon the ice, and complaining of much pain, he was assisted into the house by Mr. James A. Robinson, one of his former pupils. Nevertheless, after obtaining re-

lief, he soon went out again in order to fulfil his intention of passing that evening at the house of a friend, where he remained but a short time, the return of severe pain obliging him to leave quite early. The pain gradually increased through the night; his physician, Dr. Linsley, was sent for, and it became evident, that his disease was inflammation and congestion of the lungs.

On Thursday, at one o'clock, he addressed a note to Mrs. Choules, informing her that he had been sick, but that he considered himself out of danger. He said, "it is pleurisy, aggravated by the fall and shake." He begged her not to be disquieted, and not to make any effort to leave home for his sake; and then expressed his regret that he must trouble Mr. Marsh to seek a supply for the pulpit, at Newport, on the following Sabbath. The note was written with a pencil, and evidently with a firm hand. Soon after this was done there was a change for the worse. Mr. Robinson then telegraphed for Mrs. Choules, who arrived on Saturday morning, and was greatly relieved by observing that the mind of her husband was in a state of perfect self-possession and serenity.

Even at that advanced stage of his disorder, Dr. Choules expressed to his wife his expectations of recovery, and said, "I know they do not think so;" alluding to Mr. Robinson's family. Ere long, however, this expectation dwindled away; he spoke of the unexpectedness of his departure, and remarked, "I had not looked for this: if it had been the Lord's will I would have liked another month to have looked over the road more clearly; but it does not matter after all; 'twould have been the same thing; only simple faith in Christ. I have been hurried away through life by a tide of the most impulsive, impetuous nature, perhaps, that ever man had to contend with. This arose from want of early training; but it has enabled me to do a great deal of good that I otherwise could not have accomplished, and has given me influence for others." He proceeded to note down with his own hand memoranda of many things that required attention, sent for Thomas S. Sommers, Esq., to draw up his will, and then, as he affixed his signature, said, "'Tis for the last time, Lizzie." Addressing his conversation to his wife, he said, "I have loved Christ; I have preached Christ and Him alone; I

have loved to preach Christ and Him crucified." She then said, "Husband, you can trust Him now." He replied, "Only Christ. When I think of myself I shudder; but when I think of atoning blood, I commend myself to mercy alone 'looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.'" This text, from which he had lately preached, he seemed to dwell upon with delight. These words were followed by some strong and grateful expressions respecting the happiness of his domestic life, and he added with deep emotion, "Lizzie, you have never been anything to me but my heart's best earthly treasure."

During the course of that afternoon he received the visits of several friends. Mr. Charles T. Evans, who had from years of boyhood cherished towards him an attachment that was truly filial, entered the room, not far from four o'clock. "This is the last of earth, Charles," said he, "the end of all things." The tears of his friend restrained his speech, and, bidding him to control his emotions, charged him to bear messages of love to his father and mother. He was visited also by the Rev. Dr. Williams, who knelt at his side, and offered prayer. At one time,

Mrs. Choules said to him, "Shall I give your love to your people?" He opened his eyes to their full extent, while a gleam of grateful feeling flashed from them; "My boundless love," was the earnest reply.

In the evening, when his physician and friend, Dr. Taylor, came in, he said to him, "Doctor, will it be to-night?" Doctor Taylor answered, "I think so." He asked again, "Do you see, Doctor, any indications, *special* indications, to make you say so?" "Not special, but a general failure of strength," was the reply. Having alluded several times during the day to the probability of suffocation, he now asked still further, "Will it be suffocation, Doctor? 'Tis suffocation will do it." The Doctor answered, "I think not; but a general failure of nature." This conversation occurred but a short time before he expired. He required no aid in taking the nourishment that was prescribed for him, but helped himself without any tremor of the hand. And when anything was offered by his wife, he would take it, saying, "Yes, if you wish it, Lizzie." But during his closing moments, his communications were with heaven; he addressed

himself directly to his Saviour, using the words of Charles Wesley's beautiful hymn, the first lines of which I have already quoted :

"Jesus, lover of *my* soul,
Let *me* to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll;
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O, my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last!"

He repeated the whole hymn, his friend, Richard Fellowes, Esq., commencing the first line of the second, third, and fourth verses, and he alone continuing through each successively. The last words which lingered on his lips were these :

"His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises."

He quietly ceased to breathe. He was reclining in his chair. No death-struggle marked the moment of his departure. The subtle ties of sympathy that united the spirit to the body were gently sundered, and then that spirit soared to its everlasting home.

And now to me, as well as to you, my friends,

since he has left us, the landscape of life appears to have been touched with a saddening shade, and to have taken on a new aspect of dreariness. From the days of my youth the anticipation of meeting him has always been a source of pleasure, and that anticipation has gradually become a mental habitude, alleviating grief and enhancing joy. And while with you I sorrow much that I shall see his face no more on earth, while I join with you in devout thanksgivings for all the pleasant recollections connected with his name, I am led by this occasion, which brings us to a retrospective survey of his whole earthly course, to suggest a few observations relating to a GENERAL ESTIMATE OF HIS CHARACTER.

In our observation of nature and of man by the lights of science and of history, it is interesting to notice how wonderfully the Creator has united variety with uniformity in the economy of his works; so that, while it is true of man, as a species, that he is "in every age the same," yet among the millions of the human race every soul is distinguished by a certain individuality of character. To the eye of the artist each countenance is a particular study. The

features are never repeated. If in any instance they seem to be so, then that instance is a rare exception, which makes upon the mind a more vivid impression of the stability of the law. The sculptured marble representing the head of Socrates in the Royal Gallery of Florence, may *remind* the beholder of a set of features possessed by some other person; but, probably, there never has been any other face which a close observer would mistake for that of the Athenian philosopher. A similar remark, too, would be applicable to the countenance of the poorest beggar whom that philosopher was wont to meet in the streets of Athens; for, although he may have had nothing about him of sufficient mark to give his name a place in the records of history, or even in the sketch-book of a tourist, yet there was *something* in him that distinguished him from every other human being that has lived, or shall yet live, upon the earth. This individuality of character constantly excites the attention of every one who finds pleasure in the study of human nature; and we have reason to believe that in a future state of being, in the society of the blessed, it will ever furnish new occasions to stimulate our

curiosity and to awaken a friendly interest in each other.

Among the many now living who have enjoyed the privilege of an acquaintance with Dr. Choules, there are, probably, few, if any, who would not readily confess that the first interview with him, however brief it may have been, left upon their minds a strong impression of the fact, that in his character there was a combination of elements which was very remarkable. And we may as safely say, no doubt, that the estimations formed of that character were not only quite various, but exceedingly contradictory, in accordance with the point of view which the observer occupied, and the degree of comprehensiveness pertaining to the observation itself. This great variety of impressions is not wonderful, much less inexplicable. For in many a strongly-marked character, that appears in itself a beautiful unity when seen as a whole, there are some elements which, when seen apart, appear absolutely contradictory. Then, if the character, as a whole, be judged by a partial view, it will not only be judged unfairly, but the judgment will be exactly the opposite of the truth. In relation to

this point, an eminent writer, (Peter Bayne, in a recent work that is daily winning an enduring popularity,) has put forth a statement of the truth so just and so well expressed, that I cannot forbear to quote a part of it in this connection. At the commencement of his biographical essay on Samuel Budgett, a celebrated Christian merchant of Bristol, he thus discourses :

" What is that one point in which nature surpasses all novelists and depictors of character, and by their relative approach to which all such are to be ranked, from Shakspeare downward? It is the union of variety with consistency. To draw the man of one idea is easy. * * To draw the man who is a bundle of inconsistencies is also easy. Now, nature never produces a man whose whole existence is simply and solely one idea, although she comes very near it; for the most part her way is to give men a large variety of qualities, opinions, powers : the man of absolute inconsistency she never produces at all : her own unattainable skill is shown in the delicate graduation and adjustment of powers, so that they can live at peace in one bosom, and the man is a single personal identity.

As she has struck a beautiful harmony in the senses, so that, in their variety, they result in unity, so does she unite variety with unity in the individual character; her men are not single lines, nor does she piece together contradictions; weakness and strength in action (unless each is fitful), warmth and coldness of heart, clearness and obscurity of intellect, generosity and niggardliness of disposition, never coexist. We deem this an important principle both in criticism and biography. Macaulay and Sir James Stephen have noted nature's variety, but we do not remember to have seen the whole truth of her variety in consistency stated. Shylock, cited by Macaulay, shows, indeed, many passions; but they are of a household; they have all a hellish scowl; hatred, revenge, avarice, fanaticism, darken his brow and eye, but they admit no alien gleam from love, forgiveness, or generosity; he is just such a character as nature would produce, and as he who held the mirror up to nature could paint. So it is in every other case instanced by Mr. Macaulay, and so it must always be in nature. * * * When, after a fair scrutiny, you find a character in a novel or drama acting inconsistently, decide that

the author is so far incompetent; when you see a man in life acting in a manner which appears to you contradictory, conclude you do not understand him."

These critical remarks of Mr. Bayne are suggested in connection with the biography of Samuel Budgett, who, in early boyhood, seemed to give the whole strength of his nature to hoarding money, and then parted with his little treasure for a copy of "Wesley's Hymns," not for the purpose of trade, but for his devotional enjoyment. At a later period, having tasked his faculties in the acquisition of a considerable sum, he enjoyed the most exquisite delight when he placed the whole store in the lap of his poor mother. Thus we see that Samuel Budgett, if judged partially by such a connected series of actions as would be likely to engross the attention of some single observer, would be regarded as a heartless miser; but judged by one who could comprehend his aim and plan of life, he would be honored as one of the most benevolent men in England. By those who looked only on one side, or phase, of his character, he might have been set down as the veriest drudge in the service of Mammon; but

by those who survey his character on every side, and penetrate to its interior forces, he is esteemed a moral hero in the service of God and humanity.

It is evidently proper that we should avail ourselves of the light that may be derived from the principles to which we have adverted, in estimating the character of our lamented friend and brother. The most impressive phase which it exhibits to our retrospective view, considered as a whole, is its combination of two qualities, apparently antagonistical, and which are rarely seen to coalesce in an agreeable unity. These qualities were an *extraordinarily keen zest for physical and social enjoyment*, and the *most rigorous spirit of self-denial for the benefit of others.* I have often seen men in whom the one or the other of these qualities predominated, so as to impart its own peculiar tone to the moral feelings, and its own direction to the whole nature; but I have never seen another in whom, as in him, they existed with such an equal degree of strength, formed in their relations so admirable a counterpoise, and, without a discordant jar, wrought together in a harmony so beautiful, so beneficent, and so effective.

So seldom is this combination of qualities realized in life that, in any case whatsoever, if a man of the world were ambitious of winning from his fellows a reputation for *self-denial*, he would be likely to begin by making a conspicuous "show of humility in neglecting of the body," and of a mental superiority to everything that is adapted to please the senses; like the celebrated Cardinal Ximenes, the ruling spirit of the Court of Spain under Ferdinand and Isabella, who was not loth to have it known that under his robes of silk or costly furs he wore the coarse frock of St. Francis, which he used to mend with his own hands. A spurious Christianity, glorying in its rigid self-denials, may easily flaunt such showy signs as these, while the thing signified, the heavenly virtue itself, may be utterly wanting. But it may be truly said of Dr. Choules, that while his bland, courtly manners, and his social habits, invested his character like the "soft raiment" worn by those who "dwell in kings' houses," yet beneath this exterior surface there was cherished that calm, laborious, self-denying charity which "seeketh not her own," and which plies all her faculties, as occa-

sions demand, with quiet force, "without partiality and without hypocrisy."

His beneficent spirit never spent its strength for a moment in the mere play of emotion, in any case that afforded an opportunity for action. His humane sympathies were too intense to allow him repose while a way was open before him for *doing* anything that would impart relief to a sufferer, or more than ordinary gratification to a friend. In despite of his high flow of animal spirits and the excitability of his temperament, he had a fine perception of fitness or propriety; and with a calm, strong judgment, he was able generally to repress his feelings sufficiently to adjust means to ends and to carry out his plans effectively. Hence he was ever ready and apt, even amid scenes of excitement, to seize whatsoever chances may have offered themselves to fulfil his errands of kindness. Possessed of qualities which conferred the privilege of free access to persons in every class of society, he enjoyed great advantages for engaging the coöperation of those who, by means of their wealth or position, were fitted to aid him in those numerous projects of benevolence, which, when

fully realized, bestowed some benefit where it was greatly needed, and often when it was least expected. In estimating the moral worth of such a man, the admonition that once came from the lips of our divine Master is especially applicable: "Judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgment." For, although any cursory observer who may have chanced to meet him only on festal occasions, at some public celebration, or at some private party in the mansion of opulence, participating joyously in the sumptuous entertainment amid sights and sounds adapted to soothe and charm the senses, might have been liable with some show of reason to confound him with the careless crowd who seek pleasure as their chief end, and to predict for him a fate analogous to that which overtook the soldiers of Hannibal amid the enervating delights of Capua; yet whensoever we see a capacity for the most exquisite enjoyment of all these things subordinated with persistent energy to the true aim of life by the accomplishment of good and noble purposes, we are compelled to own the presence of a manly soul, and to honor the moral

power which hath reared so many trophies upon fields so difficult and perilous.

In this connection I am led to observe that, probably, no Christian minister in this country has ever had so extensive and so cordial an acquaintance with distinguished men in every sphere of active life as that enjoyed by Dr. Choules. He was the welcomed companion, not only of men in his own profession, but also of those who are most celebrated as merchants, artists, authors, and statesmen. In his associations he was truly a cosmopolitan. There are those, no doubt, in whose view these conspicuous intimacies seemed to be indications of moral weakness, as if his eye had been dazzled by the lustre of exalted station, and fascinated with the bewitching spell of a great name. But it was not so. Distinguished men were attracted to him, after having once seen him, as strongly as he was to to them. Daniel Webster was glad at any time to step aside from the routine and din of life to enjoy Dr. Choules' society. And the secret of that attraction which eminent men possessed for him lay in his keen, poignant *zest for the study of character*. To him this was a gift of nature. It was manifest to the notice of

his friends in early boyhood. He *was* deeply interested in the study of a well-marked character, whether it were found in a court or a prison, in a senate-chamber or a mechanic's shop, in a king's palace or in a slave's cabin. Let any man read his published account of Andrew Marshall, the colored preacher at Savannah, and mark the profound sympathy with which his soul embraced the slave as his brother, and extolled his talents as a religious teacher, and then say whether my testimony is not likely to be sustained by convincing facts. Of course, men who possess very strong points of character are generally distinguished men. This tendency of mind, therefore, would easily naturalize him to their companionship. But he never courted their favor or their friendship with an obsequious spirit; not one of them could ever bend him to their use for a sinister or selfish purpose, while he would often avail himself of their influence for the accomplishment of many beneficent aims that were worthy of him as a man, as a Christian, and as a minister of Religion.

Moreover, it is but an act of justice to his memory that on this occasion we should bear our testi-

mony to the entire *sincerity* of his character, inasmuch as all the faults, foibles, or weaknesses that could be fairly attributed to it, lay entirely unconcealed upon the surface, were discoverable at a glance, and might be "known and read of all men." Even though he were conscious of a fault, he was incapable of hiding it. Never was a man more void of all desire to seem to be what he was not in reality. For more than a quarter of a century have I known him well, and although time has disclosed virtues that were not at first apparent, it has brought to light no faults that were not as clearly obvious on the first day that I met him as they are at this hour. For the faults that he had were inherent in his nature, were a part of his share in the evil heritage of our common humanity, and were not the offspring of deliberate culture like avarice in the miser, bigotry in the zealot, or artful cunning in the demagogue. The plaintive acknowledgment that fell from his lips on the last day of his life on earth, touched the real source of every fault that was peculiar to him: "I have had to contend with an impetuous nature." Yet we may say of it as Goethe said of his friend Herders: "It

was an engaging, genial nature, with no vexatious side except when roused by something ungenerous in another." He hated meanness, ingratitude, and hypocrisy, and whensoever they appeared he took no pains to soften the expressions of his antipathy. The strength of his feelings would sometimes lead him to excess in this line of direction, as the warmth of his sympathies would sometimes lead him to excess in the opposite direction; so that the objects of his attention would, now and then, seem to be invested with a darker shade or a brighter glow than that which was apparent to the view of others of a different temperament. Often too, in his most happy moods of mind, "his way of imparting himself" was too intense to meet with a quick reciprocation from persons of a cool, habitual reserve: like that of Major General Harrison, a leading man of England in the days of the Commonwealth, who was at once a brave soldier, a popular preacher, and a confidential friend of Cromwell, of whom Richard Baxter says that he was "naturally of such vivacity, hilarity, and alacrity, as another man hath when he hath drunken a cup too much." When men of this stamp of character are permitted by

divine Providence to go forth on their career through the world without the guidance of religious principle, they achieve an amount of evil of which their fellows are incapable; but when they are "effectually called" by the power of Truth and Grace, their paths are made radiant by ministries of love which none others would attempt, and which they only can fulfil.

Hence, still further, I am led to observe that the virtues which shone in the life of Dr. Choules were grounded in, and nourished by the truths of religion. The good that he did was not done by the mere blind working of an impulsive humanity. His motives to persistent action were derived from the Gospel that he preached. It was a *Gospel;* glad tidings of pardon procured by an all-sufficient atonement, emanating from love in God, and adapted to awaken love in man. He believed it. He believed and therefore spoke. He extolled the grace that it reveals. He was clear in his convictions, sincere in his professions, and zealous in advocating the principles that he avowed. He gloried in them everywhere. If he visited the palace of the Vatican at Rome, he would, there as elsewhere, confess

himself a sound-hearted Protestant; if he mingled in the society of priests and prelates, he was never loth to express his esteem for them as men, and his disesteem for priesthood and prelacy. Who ever heard the religious principles that he loved traduced in his presence without a remonstrance from his lips; and a remonstrance too that would be remembered, by means of the wit with which it sparkled, the apt rebuke that it administered, or the truth with which it was pointed? The influence that religion exerted over his whole character was, relatively, very great. It did not, indeed, severely check his mirthfulness; it did not recast the style of his manners; it did not annihilate his natural tastes; but it set his heart on the true object of life, it imparted elevation to his aims, refinement to his affections, and steadfastness to all his purposes.

Let it not be thought, however, that Evangelical religion, of which we speak, as a mighty inward power pervading his moral nature, operated chiefly through the intellect and the conscience, rather than the affections. For, his humane and social sympathies acted with such a degree of intensity

over a wide sphere of thought and feeling, that they often engaged the whole attention of an observer, so as to exclude from one's view the beautiful simplicity of that faith which dwelt in his heart as a fountain of life ; just as the flowers and foliage of a luxuriant meadow hide from the eye the deep spring that sends its meandering rills to enliven the smallest blade of grass, or nourish the root of the far-spreading vine, "whose branches run over the wall," and now descending, wind their delicate tendrils around the lowly shrub, now rising, embrace the limb of the gnarled oak, or rest upon the projection of a rugged rock. In the depths of his soul that well-spring did exist, and its hidden sources were in God. Those who knew him best felt this truth the most constantly. The privilege of intimacy revealed it with the clearness that produces entire conviction. A private religious diary, written at the period of his later youth, and designed for no eye but his own, records his earliest aspirations and his earnest struggling in the religious life with a vivid and touching fidelity ; and while I muse upon its testimonies and learn that his first as well as his last cries of prayer to the Saviour were uttered

in the same tone and the same spirit of self-humiliation, my thoughts would fain follow him beyond the bourne that he has passed, to behold him in the flush of spiritual victory, saved, crowned, and at rest for evermore.

Brethren and friends of this bereaved Church Society:

It is to me both a sad and grateful service, to commemorate in your presence the life and character of one whose friendship has done so much to soften the asperities of my own life's journey, who was ever so ready to lessen its sorrows and to multiply its joys by a sympathetic participation of them. It has been my chief aim thus far, in this discourse, to pay a tribute of justice and honor to his memory as a man, a friend, a philanthropist, and a Christian minister. But by his removal you have been bereft not only of a manly, philanthropic, Christian friend, but also of a beloved pastor, who devoted to your service his mental faculties in their early bloom and their riper fruitage. It will always be an occasion of joy to you to remember, that his pastoral care was ended in the place where it was

begun, and that in your midst his heart found its chosen home, the centre of its earthly rest. Here has he welcomed into the church of God both the aged and the young, and the children that long afterward followed in their parent's steps. Here his name will ever be associated with the chief events of many a family history. Here, in the public street and in the secluded walk, in the mansions of the wealthy and in the humblest dwellings of the poor, his cheerful greeting and his friendly counsel will be missed with many a feeling of regret that shall find no utterance in words. For, by all alike he was beloved. Men and women, bent down with the weight of years, decrepid, weak, and weary, felt as if a flush of their young life had come back to them while they listened to his voice, and the children that looked glad when they met him, sped on their way with hearts the lighter for his kind word. To these,

> His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
> Their welfare pleased him and their cares distrest;
> To them, his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
> But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.

And yet, most sadly will he be missed by the sons and daughters of sorrow in hours that will surely

come, when they shall reel beneath the stroke of some sudden calamity, when sickness or death shall make their homes desolate, and they, in their turn, shall take with trembling hands the cup of bitterness appointed unto them. For, who was more prompt than he, as the minister of comfort, when the faintest wail of the sufferer fell upon his ear? Did his feet ever linger in the paths of pleasure or of ease when the cry of the afflicted summoned him to their abode? Could the charmed circle, where all was bright and cheerful, detain him then? Did he ever recoil from any scene of woe or want, however fearful or repulsive? O no; in the most trying emergencies he was the swift messenger of Faith and Hope, strong in the might of that charity that "seeketh not her own, endureth all things," and never faileth.

From this sanctuary, too he will long be sadly missed. The pulpit was to him as a throne of power; he coveted no higher place of honor.

He had clear and just views of the grand design of preaching as a divine appointment. Although his cultivated acquaintance with general literature, particularly with history, his extensive and accurate

knowledge of his own times, made him affluent in themes and means of illustration, he was ever careful to render these subordinate to the one great aim of an evangelical ministry, the preaching of Christ and Him crucified. If he had power to move your souls by argument or appeal, it was because his own soul had felt the attraction of the cross of Calvary. In a letter addressed to me twenty-one years ago, he said, "I have never enjoyed more of the presence of God as a Christian or minister, than during the past few days. I think the plan of salvation has appeared full of sweetness and beauty. As ministers, we all need more simplicity of aim ; to be *diverted* from all selfish efforts for personal fame. I know, I feel most painfully, how this desire mingles with my labors. The 'single eye' is indeed to be desired." The struggles of his spirit, to which these words refer, are now ended. His ministry is finished ; a cloud has "covered the tabernacle of testimony," but the sound of his voice still lingers on the ear of the worshipper in this temple. When he descended these steps for the last time, it was with the full expectation of returning to bear to you new messages of "grace and truth;" but death

suddenly met him by the way: met him not as "the king of terrors," but as a servant sent from his Father's house to summon and conduct him thither. He entered the dark valley without fear, sending you his farewell of "boundless love;" and then, the song of his triumphant faith was heard as he approached the gates of the celestial city. May that Saviour who befriended him in the trying hour be the object of your love and trust, and

> May the music of *his* name
> Refresh *your souls* in death,

while, like our departed friend and brother, you shall pass away from earth, "looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life!"